

Forty-nine Today.

The youngest of American Presidents is today forty-nine years of age. He is thus, after six years' service, two years older than Grant when he took the oath of office, a year older than Cleveland, and the same age as Pierce. He is yet measurably younger than all the rest of his predecessors—Polk and Garfield at fifty, Tyler and Arthur at fifty-one, Lincoln at fifty-two, McKinley at fifty-four, and so on—when they assumed the duties of this high office. When the death of William McKinley made Theodore Roosevelt President he was but forty-three. The oldest Presidents have been John Adams, sixty-two; Jackson, sixty-two; William Henry Harrison, sixty-five; Zachary Taylor, sixty-five; James Buchanan, sixty-six. Washington was fifty-seven when inaugurated.

By the measure of the twenty-five who held the office before him, Theodore Roosevelt may hope for a long life yet to live. Eighteen of the twenty-five lived beyond the sixtieth milestone, and one is still living. Seven grew to be seventy. Four—the Adamses, Jefferson, and Madison—lived beyond eighty. Only four have failed to reach sixty.

Moreover, he who is President this year 1907 has, beyond nearly all of his predecessors, the advantage of soundness of body and activity of interest. These are distinct presages of good health and probable long life. On this forty-ninth birthday it may be pleasant for him to consider them. But, there is one other fact, which bears no relation either to the distinction of being the youngest President or the prospect of years to come, which will make Theodore Roosevelt lighter of heart today than either—that more than any other who has held this office, he has and keeps the faith and trust of his fellow-Americans.

How the Policy Hurts.

Congress has adopted the general policy of not increasing the District debt. To keep to that platform it has been compelled to straddle—to pay for permanent improvements out of current revenues, in spite of the prospective use of those improvements for fifty years or more, and to make small advances from the Treasury when the current revenues were not equal to this wholly unbusinesslike strain.

This year Congress will encounter the problem anew. It will have the estimates of the Commissioners' side by side with a statement of the year's probable revenue. As in the past, it will then have to decide if the District shall be denied advantages possessed by every other city of Washington's class, or obtain them by a financial process unnecessarily burdensome, or obtain them part way and be denied them part way.

One item of the estimates is this: For new school buildings, \$1,336,000. Consider for a moment the effect of the Congressional policy on that one recommendation.

More than one out of every ten of our District of Columbia children are now attending schools in rented buildings. Is this because the city is poor? Or, because converted dwellings or other structures are better than buildings specially designed for school use? Surely not. This situation—reflecting extreme discredit on everyone responsible—has arisen through the failure of Congress to provide for the schools as a business man provides for his employees: in ample time and with ample outlay.

The assistant superintendent of schools points out in yesterday's Times that money has already been appropriated for buildings enough to accommodate the 5,118 children now in the Anacostia Masonic Hall, Israel Baptist Church, Seventh Day Adventists' Church, Samaritan Temple, No. 424 Sheriff road, and the other structures at this writing converted to school use. Well and good. But when the buildings thus provided for shall be finished, another band of children will present themselves for quarters, and they, too, will have to wait in churches and halls and dwellings while schools are building.

Congress cannot provide for our school children by delaying until they knock at the doors of buildings already crowded. It must anticipate their coming by the length of time required to erect schools for

them. That cannot be done by cutting estimates carefully based upon a calculation of present needs and the growth reasonably to be expected during the period of construction.

A Great Moral Influence.

Zealous, unselfish, and capable work is a moral influence which accomplishes great ends. It will overcome private interests, bureaucratic assertion, self-exploitation, and individual ignorance.

The power of moral influence has been well exemplified in the work of the Washington Park Commission.

Under instructions of the Senate this capable commission, after mature study, reported a scheme for the future development of Washington city. This scheme was hailed with enthusiastic approval by the intelligent and cultivated people of the world. It was a reincarnation of the plan of Washington and L'Enfant. It was a spark which lighted the fire of enthusiasm for systematic city development, north, south, east, and west. The official life of the commission ended with the submission of the report in 1902, but the moral influence of its work has continued from day to day and year to year.

This moral influence removed the unsightly Pennsylvania Station, a bar to the systematic improvement of the Mall.

This moral influence prevented the Agricultural building being located in the center of the Mall, where it would have ruined a beautiful vista.

This moral influence caused the new Museum building to be located as a part of the Park Commission's scheme.

This moral influence guided the location and character of design for the office buildings for the House and Senate.

This moral influence will be the chief force to prevent the closing of Rock Creek Valley, and give us a beautiful park.

This moral influence will be the chief force to place the Lincoln memorial on the west of the Mall, giving the great trio, Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, the most honorable position in our future city.

This moral influence is today the chief guide of the people of the United States toward a systematic, intelligent, and beautiful upbuilding of the Capital City.

If the President wants the time of his life let him walk into San Antonio on the occasion of his forthcoming visit with "chaps" on his legs and a sombrero on his head. They would even give him the Alamo.

Wonder if the President found forty-nine pennies on his plate?

Funny how those financiers who count their millions with an adding machine can't understand the alarm of the rest of us who know what we've got to lose without counting it at all.

Whatever else can be said of the local building department, it doesn't languish for want of a press agent.

The President is a good loser. When he found Arizona and New Mexico wouldn't drive tandem he immediately set about finding single harness.

Those Maryland Democrats must be a sly lot. Sydney Mudd has entered charges of "trickery" against them.

The higher education still survives, though the returns from yesterday's games are not all in.

Mr. Gorky can learn something on the value of tact by studying the career of the bishop of London while in the United States.

Japan has decided not to take fright.

THE DEEP-SEA CABLES.

The wrecks dissolve about us; their dust drops down from afar—Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea snakes are.

There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the depths of the deep. Or the great gray level plains of ooze, where the shell-buried cables creep.

Here in the womb of the world—here on the ribs of earth—Words and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat—Warning, sorrow, and gain, salutation and mirth—

For a Power troubles the Still that has neither voice nor feet.

They have wakened the timeless Things; they have killed their father Time; Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last of the sun.

Hush! Men talk today o'er the waste of the ultimate silence. And a new Word runs between, whispering, "Let us be one!"

O, QUEEN OF EGYPT!

Queen Thetis found in Thebes, Feb. 7, 1907. Long ere we found you, seeress of the past, Out of your sepulcher the royal name By which your son bore disbelieving fame

Had been erased, by priests restored to caste, With "retributive rage." So now your face, As we unwound you from your wealth of Carnelian, lapis lazuli, and gold, Went stricken from our presence into space.

And empty of its countenance, the crown Of the Egyptian realm remains, the wings And beak and talons, and with stigmata, Presenting still, though turn by turn Its lords with all their learning and their lust.

A mummy gladden of mighty dust. A mummy gladden in the November Metropolis Magazine.

Democratic Bishop Ingram Must Live in Big Palace And Wear Gorgeous Robes



LORD BISHOP OF LONDON,
Who Recently Visited Washington, in His Robes of State.

London Prelate Has House With Sixty Bedrooms and on State Occasions Wears Heavy Tiara—Robes Centuries Old.

Wouldn't you feel bored if you were a democratic lord bishop of London, a friend of the poor and rich alike, a man whose inclinations were toward simple things, and yet had to live in a palace with sixty bedrooms, suites of drawing rooms and libraries, and had to dress on state occasions in coronets with a heavy triple tiara on your head, studded, indeed, with precious gems, but heavy withal?

This is what the lord bishop of London stumbles under and that is why he always looks so unhappy in his gorgeous official robes which he wears only on elaborate occasions.

Some one asked Bishop Ingram while he was here recently if he had his state vestments with him. With habitual wit, the bishop answered:

"No, indeed; I came to America on my vacation."

The robes are centuries old and have been in the possession of the bishops of London for many generations. When King Edward VII was crowned, Bishop Ingram wore his coronal robes after which he reluctantly consented to have the accompanying photograph made.

The TALK of the TOWN

BY THE TOWN TALKER

AT the corner of Thirteenth and L streets northwest, one day last week an amateur prize "mill" was being pulled between a pair of pugilists of tender years, one seven years old and the other eight. They were evenly matched. Surrounding the contestants there were probably twenty-five men and boys, some of the spectators having arrived at the years of discretion, while a few of them were not old enough to be fathers or grandfathers.

The spectators were encouraging the combatants; the fight was waxing hot and the enthusiasm of the onlookers increased with every telling blow. The rules of the ring were not in force. After numerous jabs in the face and below the belt had been made, the younger boy downed his antagonist and immediately fell upon him. The fight was at its height when suddenly the mother of one of the boys appeared on the scene, entered the ring, and separated the young fighters to the astonishment and disappointment of the spectators.

The mother then proceeded to read the crowd a lecture on manhood, giving her special attention to the older boys of the crowd whom she should be ashamed of themselves for. Then courage to the older men and told them that if they were a specimen of American manhood the country had little to hope from them. To the elder man she read a lecture that he would turn to a boy or man in not soon forget. Not a boy or man in the party said a word. They were content beyond appeal.

One by one they slunk away from the mother with her little boy went down Thirteenth street.

AFTER a long list of applicants for marriage license, had been supplied with the necessary paper authorizing a minister of the gospel to usher them into the blissful realms, a bashful young fellow, clad in an ordinary, everyday suit of jeans, approached the marriage license clerk and asked for a marriage license. He did not say that he was from the country, but he was. After he had answered all of the usual questions the clerk passed him the license and said "One dollar, please."

The young man unbuttoned his coat and vest and from an inside pocket took out a well worn leather bill book from which he extracted with much difficulty a bill which he handed the clerk.

When the clerk looked at the bill and found it was a \$100 note he thought he was dreaming, and had to look from the note to the young man for reassurance. He asked the countryman if that was the smallest note he had, saying that there was no change in the office for so large a bill.

The young man in all frankness told

the clerk that the \$100 note was the smallest and only note he had. That \$100 note represented his savings for a year, and with it he proposed to start life with love in a cottage back in the country. He said he intended to marry the next day, and two days later move into his cottage, which would be furnished with the remains of the \$100. He got the change and as he left the clerk remarked, "That young fellow will succeed in life and be happy."

THE job seeker never sleeps. I noticed this the other day, when I was at the Capitol. Now that the session of Congress is near and members of the House and Senate are drifting into town, the people who want Government places, make the house on the hill their daily goal. They go either to the room of the committee on which the man they seek works, or to the House or Senate postoffice, where the town addresses of the newcomers are registered.

What do these "constituents" want? Why, some of them want the earth. Many of them hand this out to the helpless Representative or Senator:

"I know you can get me the place, if you only will."

As a matter of fact, this thing of landing Government jobs is no fairy tale of ease. It's an almost impossible thing in most cases, even when the civil service examination has been passed. But you can't persuade the job seekers of that. They never relent in their belief that the places can be had for the asking. Truth is a dire and a heavy one.

FASHION is a cruel mistress. Often she deals out to the fair sex that follows her a lot of frightful revelations. This season the revelation is about feet. Stop and think it over. Did you ever notice before this fall what a large number of women are cursed with ugly feet and ungainly ankles? You never did before, for this is the first time it has been the thing for everybody to wear skirts that hang from three and a half to five inches above the ground.

But it's the fashion now, and the feet and ankles are exposed to the critical view of a hitherto ignorant masculine public. So many of the dear, sweet things have what is known as the "boxed ankle," and so very, very many stand in the posture that is known in old-fashioned parlance as "pigeon-toed!"

It's a sad revelation, and, in some ways, one to be regretted. Mere man has learned a lot this fall that he never knew before. But this is natural. It's the first opportunity he ever had to see so many feminine feet.

Matters of Interest to all Music Lovers

MEXICAN BAND IN CONCERT AT WHITE HOUSE

The General Staff Military Band of the Mexican government, N. Chavez, director, played for Mrs. Roosevelt, in the East Room, Tuesday afternoon. The program was: Rhapsody No. 2, Liszt; Valse Poetique, Villanueva; "Flirtation," Chaminade; "Love Me and the World is Mine," Ball.

The members of the Mexican embassy staff, the members of the Cabinet, and a few personal friends were present.

The band, which has spent the summer at the Jamestown Exposition, has been in Chicago for the past fortnight, and returned to the Exposition last Wednesday for a short stay, after which it will proceed to Mexico, by way of San Antonio, Texas, where it will appear at the great State fair there.

"Tom Jones" Coming to Washington; Comic Opera Founded on Novel

Edward German, the noted English composer, who is known for his symphonies, and his Shakespearean suites, has come to this country (his first trip to America) to rehearse the "Tom Jones" company, which Henry W. Savage has formed to present the comic opera in this country.

Mr. German wrote the music for "Tom Jones" and is rehearsing the special orchestra and the company that will appear in the piece. He is receiving much attention from the musical world in New York. Mr. German, in "Tom Jones" has been praised in England and elsewhere for catching the spirit of old English music in the score he has written for this piece. He is thoroughly in sympathy with the quality of music of that time, and without being in any way imitative, he has truthfully reproduced the musical quality of the "Tom Jones" period. The glees, madrigals, choruses and rhythmic dances, are distinctive, and have appealed with decided favor both to musicians and popular taste.

Mr. German will come to Washington for the opening of "Tom Jones" at the Columbia Theater, November 4, and it is possible that he will conduct the orchestra for the first performance. He has achieved fame as a composer, from several notable works, which have placed him at the head of music writers of today. He wrote the symphonic poem "Hansel," which Dr. Hans Richter played at the Birmingham festival, and also the symphonic suite, "The Seasons," which was done at the Norwich festival.

New York Avenue Presbyterian Church will begin its monthly musical interpretation of oratorios, and other sacred music, this evening. During the coming winter it is intended to devote the last Sunday evening of each month to such service by the choir, consisting of Mrs. W. H. Shreffler, soprano; Miss Pauline Whitaker, alto; A. J. Hudson, bass, and W. C. Miller, tenor, and the leadership of J. Porter Lawrence, organist. For this opening service they will give characteristic numbers from Haydn's popular oratorio, "The Creation," so much enjoyed because of its striking descriptive music. Among the numbers given will be "Chaos," for the organ; "A New Created World," "With Verdure Clad," and "Rolling in Foaming Billows," and the hymns will be sung to arrangements from Haydn's suites.

Miss Franceska Kaspar has been engaged to sing in Wheeling and Morgantown, W. Va., December 10 and 13.

Miss Ethel A. Holtzclaw, soprano of the Calvary Baptist Church, was married last Tuesday and is now Mrs. Walter A. Gawler. During her absence from the choir, Miss Flora A. Jackson will substitute and sing this evening.

"Hold, Thou, My Hand," by Gounod.

Perry B. Turpin is the tenor of the choir during the illness of William H. McFarland.

The first meeting of the Unschuld Club will be held early next month. Last Wednesday the Misses Mildred Kolb and Ethel Fisher, pupils of Mme. Marie von Unschuld, were invited to play at the Sunday school meeting of the Calvary Baptist Church. They were heartily received and scored a great success.

One of the features of the annual concert of the Vaughn class of Calvary Baptist Church, which was given November 1, will be the violin solos by Miss Eugenie de Guerin, principal of the violin department of the MacReynolds-Koehle Music School. Miss de Guerin, who is spending her third winter in this city, studied in Berlin for six years, under Florian Tayler.

Her selections on this occasion will be "Andante," op. 14, by George Gounod, and "The Bee," by Schubert.

Another will be recitation by Miss Robert Hickman, director of the Washington College of Oratory and Expression.

Miss Thurman, daughter of Judge B. G. Thurman, of Lamar, Minn., is studying singing with Prof. Garreis. Her mother is with her here. They are living at 1331 Fairmont street. Miss Thurman is also attending Fairmont Seminary, where she is taking the literary course.

Miss Katherine R. Faeth, of the Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, opened her studio for voice culture last Thursday, at 1504 F street. Miss Faeth, who is a member of the famous Bach Choir, was heard in a number of musicals in this city last season.

Miss Almira Sessions is studying singing again with Mrs. Grace Dyer-Knight. Mrs. Knight says she has a marvelous voice, and is going to train her for opera.

She spent the summer at Spring Lake and has now returned to Washington. She was a pupil of Martini, in New York.

PIANIST HATED MUSIC STUDY WHEN A CHILD

It is announced that Mark Hambourg will visit this country in October for a short tour. Hambourg who is in some respects the most Titanesque figure in the pianistic world since Anton Rubinstein, was not in the strict sense an infant prodigy. He began his studies, it is true, at the tender age of six with his father, who was a professor at the Moscow Conservatory. But he didn't like practicing any more than the average boy.

"I used to mangle shamefully," said the brilliant Russian pianist recently of his early musical training. "I even deliberately drove splinters into my hands to escape the hated practicing. However, my father persevered patiently with me, and at last came a day when ambition awoke in my heart, and the drudgery was drudgery no more."

"I will remember how, as a child, I was always encouraged to take an active part in boyish games," writes Hambourg, "but I am afraid every youthful enthusiast is not 'lashed with a father so prudent in the respect as my own. In fact, I am well assured that there is many a talented child at this moment undergoing a musical training which will be productive of more harm than good owing to parent indifference. Serious practice should on no account be commenced before the child is eight years old."

"As a general rule, my actual practicing occupies about three hours, but I pass many more in studying the great masterpieces of literature and in keeping in close touch with current events."

Hambourg believes that piano practicing even for a virtuoso should be limited to three or four hours a day, divided into two periods.

Mark Hambourg will be the soloist at the first concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra on November 19.

Alfred C. Goodwin, of the Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, will give piano lessons in Washington, and has taken a studio over Grimes' Music Store, 1212 F street. One of his pupils is David G. Kindeberger.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin its season in Washington with its first concert in the New National Theater, Tuesday afternoon, November 5, and it starts its work here with the house practically sold out by subscription. Dr. Mueck has arranged a particularly delightful program, which comprises Schumann's overture, "Genoveva," Bach's suite in B minor for flute and string orchestra, and Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor, known as the "Scottish" symphony.

Thursday evening the congregation of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Seventh and G street southwest, gave a "Godspeed" service in honor of J. Louis Johnson, a member of the choir, who left on Saturday to take up his residence in Albuquerque, N. Mex. The choir sang De Koven's "Recessional" and "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," by Haydn. "Father, Take My Hand," a quartet for men's voices, was also sung. Last Sunday morning the offertory was sung by Miss Aileen Miller. The choir is now working on a "Magnificat," by Robert Stearns, which will be heard shortly.

The Washington Opera Club gave a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "Iolanthe," on Tuesday and Wednesday evening, in Gonzaga College Hall. It was rehearsed and produced by Prof. H. E. Galtzman and William de Ford. The opera was well rendered. The cast included some of the best known Washington singers in this line of work. It was also given on Thursday evening at the Soldiers' Home Theater.

Last Thursday afternoon Mrs. Clarence Perley, pianist, gave a very enjoyable program for the concert for the blind. Her number was 3-Bourree (Bach), 2-March Grottesque (Sinding), Cradle Song (Jung), Poupée Val-sante (Poldini), 3-Etude II (Rubinstein).

The Chorus Club is to be heard for the first time this season Wednesday evening next at Fifth Baptist Church. The club numbers more than sixty members and is preparing a series of sacred choruses of a high standard. Several well-known soloists will appear, among them being Charles E. Myers, tenor; Miss Ruth Harvey, violinist, and Arthur Lindstrom, cornetist. Louis A. Porter will accompany the choruses. The Chorus Club proposes a series of concerts, the next being excerpts from oratorios, choruses from the operas, Cowen's "Rose Maiden," and an evening of popular songs.

Frank Rebstock, the baritone of St. Mary's Catholic Church, is very ill in Providence Hospital. He has been connected with choir and concert work in this city for a long time. Albert Schulteis is his substitute during his illness.

AN AUTUMN ETCHING

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THE pallid remnant of a broken-moon Hangs listlessly above a sullen sea; A lonely sailboat, anchored in the cove, Rocks aimlessly on billows cold and gray. About the doorsteps of deserted homes A gusty wind blows little heaps of sand. A fisherman looks out across the bay, Then pulls his boat beyond high-water mark, And leaves it on the beach. The tide runs in To meet the rising wind; the faded moon Sinks under deepening clouds. The night is dark.